Iter Auſtrale

Attempting ſomething upon the happy Return of our moſt Gracious Soveraign Lord,

CHARLS II.

FROM

BANISHMENT

TO HIS

THRONE.

By a Loyal Pen.

—Virum non arma Cano.

LONON,

Printed by *Tho. Leach*, in the Year, 1660.

The Portal.

I.

WEe'l no Cronoſtick numbers here
Compoſe, to figure out the year
Wherein our *Second Charls* did make
His Bleſt return; leſt we miſtake.
For *Iuſtice* breaking from her Iron Cage
Ha's back again reduc'd the *Golden Age*;
That *Time* no longer will the old ſtyle bear
O'th' *Sixteen Hundredth and the Sixtieth Year.*

II.

Nor will we yet preſume to joyn
A *Nominal* Letter to each Line,
And with our ſlender Art to frame
Acroſticks on his Sacred Name,
For 'twill be Forgerie to *Interline*
Thoſe *Letters Patents Providence* Divine
Hath Copyed forth for us in CAPITAL
Out of their Heaven-Inrold *Original.*

III.

Nor yet to make an *Anagram*
Disjoyn the Letters of the same:
(So Antient *Adam* had the Honor
Without all doubt to be the donor)
Left (as those Lawless Traytors did Translate
His *Royal Kingdoms* to a *Rebel State*
So) we, whilst we endeavour to inforce
A Better Sense upon't, should make a *Worse*.

IV.

But yet my *Muse* would something, she
Might demonstrate her Loyalty;
Plain humble verse she thinks will best
Her Kneeling Reverence Attest.
His Beams are such, were not the Poets Bayes
Charms against Lightning, she durst not rayse
Her self above the pitch of Prose — Lest she
Should burn her Plumes, and fall a Scorched fly.

V.

O might she gain Acceptance, this
Would prove her chief, her Master-piece:
So whilst the Sun withdraws his Light
'Twill seem at least an Eagle flight:
But if his splendor be so great that he
Cannot pluck in his daz'ling Raies, and she
Shall stand Convicted of Præsumption,
She sues the General Act — *Oblivion*.

Iter

Iter Auſtrale,

Attempting ſomthing upon the happy return of our moſt gracious Sove-raign Lord,

CHARLES II:

From Baniſhment to his

THRONE.

I.

SHoot up thy head my Muſe, thy Foes are flown,
Made the retreat to mournful *Helicon:*
Come dive no longer, now thou need'ſt not fear
Upon the forked Mountain to appear;
Put thy neglected Buskins on, and ſhake
Thy watry Pineons, and leave the Lake;
Fly to *Pernaſſus* Airy top, and ſee

What from the high Aſcent thou can'ſt deſcry;
And when thou ſhalt diſcern on *Thetis* floor,
The royal Navy, wafting *Charles* to ſhore,
Go Crown thy gladded brows with flowers whereon
The names of Kings have their *Inſcription*,
To entertain his bleſt arrival, and
Carol his welcom to the happy *Strand*.
In the mean time rehearſe thoſe mournful Lays,
Thou erſt didſt dedicate unto the praiſe
Of *Charles the firſt*: Go gather up again,
Thoſe Quills of *Porcupines* thy high diſdain
In a Satyrical diſguiſe did caſt
At Traytors Heads, (whoſe Feathers as they paſt,
Sung their Prophetick Elogies) and now
Shoot, ſhoot in triumph, for their overthrow.
But ſtop your ears with black, with mourning wool,
Or ſend your twice-repeated griefs to School
Amongſt the tortur'd Ghoſts, they may from thence
Bring back the Leſſon of forc'd Patience,
To hear my now relapſed Muſe relate
The Tyranny of our late *Monarchs* Fate.

II.

NOw that Prophetick *Simile* proves true,
England's *an Axe in ſhape*, and nature too:
Whilſt ſtartled Conſcience winks, One fatal ſtroak

Pro-

Proſtrates *Great Britains* Tutelary Oak;
And reaſon good; Why cumbers it the *Ground*?
The Traytors cry, our Providence hath found
A better way to Husband it, no more
We Beggars-buſhes will, as heretofore,
Stand in the barren paths and ways, ſince we
To plant our ſelves on his fat ſoil agree.
Down with th' imperious Cedars too (they cry)
That by their power enfenc'd his Majeſty,
From our encroachments; And upon their *Land*
The brave aſpiring Poplars ſhall ſtand.
The Briery Souldiery ſhall have a ſhare
With us, and a Commiſſion to tear
Their Golden Fleeces from the backs of thoſe,
Whoſe zeal to King, or Conſcience, ſhall expoſe
Themſelves unto our mallice; ----- They'l diſpence
With penance in their Robes of Innocence.
Thus fell our Gracious *Soveraign*, and they
That own'd their Princes cauſe his Fates obey;
So the *Barbarians* have a Law that when
The Maſter yields to Deſtinie, the Men
That were his moſt obſequious Servants muſt
Deſcend his Grave, to wait upon his Duſt.
Which of his vertues did foment their rage
So high, nought but his blood could it aſſwage?
Was it his Juſtice? Yes, for they did fear,
Before that high Tribunal to appear.
Was it his mercy? Yes, 'cauſe he refus'd
To murther whom they wrongfully accus'd.
Beſides (they ſay) Religion bade them make

An holy Warre (forsooth for Conscience sake;
But stay a little, step aside and see
How God himself was wrong'd as well as he.

III.

IF Christian Reformation that will prove
Wherein the Serpent overcomes the Dove,
Farewell ye silenc'd Oracles, our Sun
Sets in a Cloud, our happy days are done.
But search and try (my Muse) before you speak,
Turn not a she *Phanatick* and mistake:
For when their warlike Swords and Muskets drove
Out our holy Church, of the peaceful Dove,
Amphibious Batts did spring up in the night
Of blinded zeal, and play'd the Hypocrite;
And damned Spirits walk't therein, which make
Our Quakers their possessed joynts to shake,
And Thou and Thee us all, 'cause they foretel,
They shall find no distinctions in Hell.
The *Ignis fatuus* of whose lights do bend
Their paths unto perditions, pit and lend
False beams a while unto the fatal Brink,
Then (like the Devil) vanish in a stink.
The harmless pictures of th' Apostles must
Out of the Temple windows all be thrust;
(They hate such good examples) that before
Ungodly men their light might shine no more:
And why all this? because the Scriptures speak
How *Eutichus* fell thence and broke his neck.

Each

Each one ordains himſelf; *Mechanick men*
Set in the Temples up their ſhops agen
Which Chriſt himſelf drave out; theſe ſilly Elves
(Gifted from none that I know but themſelves)
Pretend to Prophecie, and why not then
Coblars of Souls, as *Fiſhers* er'ſt of Men?
Diſſembling Souldiers this, and worſe have wrought,
And Crucified their Chriſt, but kept his Coat:
And the Rump-Senate ſet the Tail where we
In vain endeavour'd, that the Head ſhould be.

IV.

HEre give my pious Muſe leave to lament
Great Charles *his Crucifixion*, which hath rent
Our Church into ſo many Breaches, that
Good are thruſt out, bad men thruſt in thereat.
And as the Jews aſtoniſh't at the knell
When th'holy Temple rang her Paſſing-Bell;
So when our Faith's Defender Fell, had we
Not cauſe to write a mournfull Elegie?
He was both King and Prophet, that he might
Yield both to ſubjects, and to God their Right.
And theſe two Functions did ſo meet, his Laws
Were on the *Decade* but a Paraphraſe.
How did he brandiſh the Two-edged Sword
Of God's Soul-piercing, Heart-dividing word?

Nor ſelfiſh ends, nor falſe opinion
Could make him burniſh a falſe Gloſs thereon;
Who wrot his name upon't, and his deviſe
With the ſtrong *Aqua Fortis* of his Eyes.
Then ſee his Life, not like *Cylennius*, whoſe
Statue did point the ready way to thoſe
Were Pilgrims, 'mongſt the Mountains, & ſtood ſtill
Whil'ſt they aſcended the brow-bending *Hill*;
But dy'd a Martyr in a *Good old Cauſe*,
Defending both *Divine* and *Humane* Laws.
Then come, O Loyal Subject, let us raiſe
A Monumental Trophee to his Praiſe.
And in ſucceding ages let it ſtand
Untouch't; and may that Sacrilegious hand
That ſhall by force attempt to raze it, ne're
Enjoy the bleſſing of a Sepulcher.

V.

But what though he be murthered, his Son
The Prince of *Wales* aſcends his Royal Throne:
Come, we may mitigate *Our Griefs*, though we
Can ne're enough bewail *His Deſtiny*.
No 'tis not ſo, his Fathers Vertues are
Deſcended unto him, as lawfull Heir;
And it is fit, the Fates do ſay that He
Should likewiſe taſte of his Extremitie

To

To countermand ſuch Bleſſings; and be hurl'd
In wandring mazes up and down the world:
Like to that pious *Heroe*, who did haſt
From flaming *Troy*, when as the fire did waſt
That Cities ſtately Structures, before he
Attain the place of his Regalitie.
But afer many dreadfull hazards run
'Twix Hope and Fear, at length the Scottiſh Crown
Is ſet upon his Brows by thoſe that took
Pole-money for his Fathers Head, and ſtruck
That luckleſs bargain, ſad experience told
Prov'd loſs to them that Bought and them that Sold.

VI.

THe Engliſh Rebels hearing this, there comes
Their General with an Army, thundring Drums
Rore nought but Canon-language, Trumpets ſound
A Brazen Perſeverance, they are bound
That have engag'd againſt their Prince, to be
No more Retreaters to their Loyaltie.
Charles hunted out of *Scotland* by the Crew
Of theſe purſuing Blood-hell-hounds, he threw
Himſelf to *Worſters* Borough to obtain
A ſhelter more ſecure, but all in vain:
For they diſlodg'd our *Dear*, and made him flie
For ſafer covert to a Hollow Tree;

And now the Ranging Doggs the ſent have loſt;
But would not yet deſiſt, till having croſt (finde
The Champian ground twice or'e, they could not
Their Pray, which thus their Fury had declin'd.
Thus did his Majeſty eſcape, whoſe Rayes
Heav'ns Providence deſign'd for better daies;
And to a Forraign ſoil is fled from hence,
Till that Reducing Power recalls him thence.

VII.

AND now Aſpiring *Oliver* by Force
With the *Black Rod* whips the *Rump* out of doors,
And makes himſelf Protector; Thus we ſee
Treaſon 'mongſt Traytors ſometimes there may be:
One *Interregnum* thus encludes its Brother;
Here's one Parentheſis within another:
Time-ſervers tongues, Lick'd (out of Hope or Fear,
Into a Formal Lamb this Savage Bear.
One would have him a *David*, (cauſe he went
To *Lamberts* wife, when he was in his Tent.)
A ſecond, *Moſes* ſtyled him, (for why
His ſhining Noſe made the Synecdoche:)
And Moſt were ſo beſotted that they found
No grief at all; For hard Opreſſion ground
Their Faces with ſuch cruelty, that there
Did no impreſſions of diſlike appear.

But

But Providence at laſt to purge our Ayr
From this moſt noyſome Vapour, did prepare
A wind to drive him hence, and ſent him gone
To his deſerved place; and ſtraight his Son
Richard aſſumes the Load, and all adore
The Aſs, (but for the Burthen which he bore.)
Some thought he would again our King recall,
But yet the Gooſe ſav'd not our Capitoll.
Lambert Degrades him preſently, and then
The Rump let looſe, ran to their ſtools agen.

VIII.

BUt they muſt turn out too, and not repine
But to the *Wallingfordians* reſign
Their late acquired power, the *Rump* again
Is thruſt beſides the Cuſhion, may not Raign;
And now great *Monk* advances over *Tweed*,
The Priviledge of Parliaments to plead,
But his VVhite-powder gave no crack; for he
Wrought not ſo much by Power as Policie.
All are reſtor'd again, nay more then that,
For each *Secluded Member* takes his ſeat
Among the reſt; I hope we may not fear
To ſtyle the King, *Monks* Privy Councellor.
The Royal Party make it their Reſolve.
With all the ſpeed that may be to diſſolve

The now Divided Houſe, with an intent
To make room for another Parliament;
Which might the *Great Work* do, and ſo agree
To paſs a *Fine* without *Recoverie*.
Fly then ye reſtleſs Furies, fly, begon;
No more the Mazes of Confuſion
In *Brittains* Soyle; trace out, hence off, make room
For gentle Fayries, their glad feet may come
And Dance the Rings of Everlaſting Peace
About our Bleſſed Iſle, ſo that the Seas
Of Violence and Rapine may no more,
Caſt their unheard of Monſters on our Shore.

IX.

THe Senate is Aſſembled, which receives
The Styl e'oth *Peoples Repeſentatives*
Now in a down-right ſenſe; they are the Glaſs
Wherein his Subjects may ſee their Kings Face;
And eas'ly apprehend there doth abide,
A Silver'd plenty on the other ſide:
Their *Rumpſhips Breeches* now no more ſhall be
The Impreſs of our Lawfull Coyn; But we,
For his Reward who did bring home our King,
Shall have Great *George on Horſeback* ride the Ring.
As when the Earth bewailes in Mourning Weeds
The abſence of the long ſet Sun, and dreads

A Non-repeated Course, the Gray-ey'd Morn
Giving a signal of his blest Return,
She then puts off her Cypress vayl, that He,
Might wipe her dewy Tears away; so we,
For *Charle, his wains* Declension had vowd
Our Souls all Proselites to grief, and bowd
Our necks unto her Altars; Till from far
Unto our Watry eyes there did appear,
Monck in a Scottish Mist, who straight did pour
On English Rebels heads, a drowning shower:
Which having done, the Coast began to clear,
And straight upon our English Hemisphere
We did expect that Star should rise and be
Exalted to its Regal Dignitie.
And whilest our King makes ready to Return,
With Zeal inflamed Joys our Hearts do burn.

X.

THe Brittish Seas Fly to a Forrein shore,
With an unwonted speed, to wast Him o're,
And make their Inroads on the Continent
That still detain's their Lord, and when they've spent
Their strength in vain, they backward bend their course
They may assayl it with a greater Force:
And having wun the Field, and got their Prize,
Ev'n Rarifi'd with joy, they Skale the Skyes

To

To fetch the Clouds from thence, whoſe waters may
Send their Aſſiſtance to the happy Bay.
Both Heaven and Earth (for nought elſe yet we ſee)
Fight for, or yield to CHARLES his Potencie.
Neptune his Trident brings, and will not own
A Scepter ſuiting to a Triple Crown:
Iris, that ſtout Virago, thinks it fit
To paint her Bow with *Purple*, *Green*, & *White* (made
To ſhew whoſe cauſe ſhe owns; Heaven would have
Her ſtragling Meteors Torch-bearers i'th' ſhade
Of wandring Night, the Royal ſhip might ſtear
Aright amidſt the Waves, but that there were
So many Bonefires on the ſhore that forc't
A day when *Tytans* Chariot was unhorſt.
Now! now he ſails in view! but yet no land
Appears unto his ſight, the people ſtand
So thick (like King-Fiſhers) upon the Coaſt,
Th' Inhabitants he found, the Iſle he loſt.
Some wiſh themſelves *Arions* Dolphin, they
Might ſhoot into the Waves and bear away
Their wiſhed King to Land; and ſome would be
Int' Eagles Metamorphos'd, that from Sea
They might bring *Charles the Great*, as it is told
That feather'd Prince did bear the child of old.
All would be *Chriſtophers* that they might bring
Unto the happy ſhore their welcome KING.
How did the people croud to ſee him ſet
His foot on Engliſh ground? He ſcarce could get
Room to Aſcend; and thus their very Love
And Loyaltie did Petit Treaſon prove.

The

XI.

The Guns report his Landing, poſting Fame
Rode all the ſtaged Cannons as ſhe came
Quite out of breath, and fainting, ſhort had flown,
But Fleeter *Eccho* lent her Wings to Town.
The Bells rack'd on their turning wheels Confeſſe
The happy news to all the Pariſhes,
Whilſt to their tuning Cords the Steeples dance
For joy at this their great Deliverance.
The Citizens began to curſe the Day
Gave Birth unto our Civil Wars, that they
Could not rebuild great *Pauls* his Spire, (that fell
As an Ill-boading *Omen* to foretell,
The Ruine of the Church) ſo that they might
Have now aſcended his prodigious Height
To view *Charls* in his Progreſſe, guarded by
The Quinteſſence of *England* Cavalry;
Whilſt Loyal-hearted Subjects made a Lane
Fenc'd with a double Quick-ſet Hedge, and ſtrain
Their Throats, like merry Birds therein, ſo ſing
The bleſſed Reſtauration of their King,
That now at *Black-Heath* makes a ſtand, to greet
Them Graciouſly, that at his Royal Feet
Caſt themſelves down for Pardon, and ariſe
In his Defence againſt his Enemies.
Thence They conduct him to his Throne, and He
Aſſumes his double-ſtaft Suprem cy.

XII.

REturn'd! O happy News! Is *Charles his Wain*
On our Horizon wheel'd up once again,
(And drawn with Doves, which tacitely expreſs
This Emblem'd Motto, *Conquerer by Peace.*)
Go ſcotch the Orb, ye God's, this Chariot may
Run the Olympick Chace no more, but ſtay
Till pale-fac't Death ſets up the *white*, which done
May *Ariadne's* Star be-ſtudded Crown
Enſhrine his noble Brows, may he appear
In *Caſſiopeias* High Imperial Chair,
A Star of the firſt Magnitude, and be
As in his proper Seat and Dignity.
Go ſcotch the Orb till then, we may no more
His Peregrined Aſpects here deplore.
Then let our Joyes, O Loyal Subjects, Dance
The Flouriſhes of our Deliverance
Upon our Raviſh'd Heart-ſtrings, and our Tongues
Sing Conſort to them with Bliſs-brimmed Songs,
Since Providence our Monarch doth Recall
From Miſeries *Black-Heath*, to Joyes *White-Hall.*

Vive le Roy.

FINIS.